

The Burlington Free Press.

NOT THE GLORY OF CÆSAR; BUT THE WELFARE OF ROME.

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MUSINGS IN THE TEMPLE OF NATURE.

Man can build nothing worthy of his Maker:
From royal Solomon's stupendous fane,
Down to the humble chapel of the Quaker,
All, all are vain!

The wondrous world which He himself created,
Is the first temple of creation's Lord!
There may his worship best be celebrated,
And praises poured.

Its altar—earth; its roof, the sky unainted;
Sun, moon and stars, the lamps that gave it light,
And clouds, by the celestial artists painted,
Its pictures bright.

Its choir, all vocal things, whose glad devotion,
In one united hymn is heavenward sped,
The thunder peal, the winds, the deep-mouthed ocean,
Its organ dread.

The face of nature, its God-written Bible,
Which all mankind may study and explore,
While none can wrest, interpolate, or libel
Its loving lore.

Hence learn we that our Maker, whose affection
Knows no distinction—suffers no recall,
Sheds his impartial favor and protection
Alike on all.

Thus by divine example do we gather,
That every race should love alike all others,
Christian, Jew, Pagan—children of one Father,
All are brothers.

Conscience, heaven's silent oracle, the assessor
Of right and wrong in every human breast,
Sternly condemns the impious transgressor
To live unblessed.

The pious and the virtuous, thus assembled,
By fortune's frown, or man's unjust decrees,
Still in their bosoms find a pure, exalted,
Unfailing peace.

Hence do we learn that heaven's vice is hateful,
Since Heaven pursues it with avenging rod,
While goodness, self-rewarded, must be grateful
To man and God.

O thou most visible and unseen Teacher,
Whose finger writes its lessons on our sphere!
O thou most audible, and unheard preacher!
Whose sermons clear—

Are seen and read in all that thou performest,
With thee look down and bless, if when I kneel,
Apart from man-built fane, I feel the warmest,
And purest zeal!

If in the temple thine own hand hath fashioned,
"Neath the bright sky, by lonely stream or wood,
I pour to thee, with thrilling heart impassioned,
My gratitude—

If in thy present miracles terrestrial
Mine eyes behold, whenever I have knelt,
New proofs of the futurity celestial
To man revealed—

Hearing Thee, I love thy word: Creation,
Keeping my bosom undefiled by guilt,
Wilt thou receive and bless mine adoration!
Thou wilt! Thou wilt!

THE MARTIAL FAIRY.

A TEA-TABLE TALE.

"What! are you but a mortal? I should never
Have guessed it—I took you at the very least
For a benevolent giant."

The fisherman's daughter.

During the war waged by the German coalition in 1792-'3 against France, at that time under the tyranny of the national convention, the generals of the invading armies were represented by the Jacobins as ferocious and vindictive monsters, whose mission was destruction, and who plundered and pillaged without mercy. Hostilities are never so merciless after a long peace, as they become when the soldier is insured to the horrors of war through a long series of successive campaigns. The object of the princes of the coalition was to re-establish the royal authority at Paris; and as you wander among the vine-clad hills, and rural hamlets of Champagne, you will find that the great majority of the German officers have contrived to endear their memories to the simple affections of the inhabitants, wherever they were quartered. (It was not thus, at the epoch of the angry and revengeful invasion which terminated in the overthrow of Napoleon, in 1814; men's minds were then inflamed by nearly a quarter of a century of war, and the invaders had personal and national wrongs to redress.) But we must not wander from the Germans, who, in 1792 encamped in Champagne to crush the cradle of the yet tottering republic; and the readers of the Mirror shall be treated to one of the legends of that period.

One cold morning in autumn, a German officer of rank entered a pretty house in a village garrisoned by the allied forces.—The hostess, a kind and simple-hearted woman, of the middle class, courteously bade him welcome, as his noble features and bland manners were a guarantee that, wherever he was, none of those discomforts inseparable from military occupation would be permitted to occur. "I am very sorry, madame," said he, "to cause you any inconvenience, and I assure you that my presence shall be rendered as agreeable to you as possible." The lady of the house, delighted by his gracious introduction, expressed, as forcibly as she could, the lively satisfaction it gave her to receive so gentlemanly a person under her roof, and issued orders to her servant to arrange the foreign general's apartment in the most comfortable manner. These preliminaries being finished, the soldier asked for breakfast.

The general always took tea at breakfast, and his valet carried the tea caddy to the mistress of the house, and begged her to prepare it for him, which she promised.—She seemed to be engaged in an unusually long time in getting this most simple repast, as the stranger several times requested to know if his meal was ready. To these demands the good lady always replied—"It will be all ready in three minutes my lord."

At last, the general, to his great surprise, saw them bring into his apartment a table regularly laid out with cloth, napkins, forks and spoons, plates and bottles. He thought at first, that that was the way they drank

tea in Champagne, but his astonishment increased when he saw the landlady make her appearance with a dish of boiled hares nicely garnished with small broiled sausages.

She had thus cooked all the tea she could find in the caddy. The good woman who was ignorant of the use of tea, had served it as she would a dish of spinach; she had boiled it well, put it in a cullender to drain off the water, which she threw away; and then in order to display her taste to her guest and to improve upon his usual meal, she had flanked his dish of herbs with the savory and delicately broiled sausages.

The stranger was a good-hearted soul, and instead of flying out in a rage at such a novel mode of making tea, he laughed till his sides ached; and having explained to his hostess the proper preparation, he invited himself to breakfast with her and her family on their country fare. She was a widow and her family consisted of an interesting and genteel girl of sixteen, a son about twenty-four, who seemed in very low spirits, and her own sister rather advanced in years.

The stranger's demeanor towards the young lady although she was only a rustic, was distinguished by that polite and frank gallantry which is peculiar to all well educated Germans. But he quickly perceived that the young man whose name was Marcel, was depressed and quite silent. His eyes were remarkably fine, and this only made the deep melancholy of his looks the more particular. At his mother's first glance, he hastened to pay to their guest, with momentary cheerfulness and cordiality, all those attentions which of necessity are so many and various in a citizen's family when entertaining a stranger of high degree. He put a bottle of Aï upon the table, which the stranger seemed to drink with undisguised relish.

When the repast was over the general, with a benevolence of accent which denoted that a person has sounded the depths of your heart, but is fearful to tear open its wounds, said to Marcel: "Do you believe in fairies, my young friend?"

"I did once, my lord," replied the youth, sadly.

"But are you an infidel on that subject now?"

The youth looked at the stranger with a singularly anxious expression. After a moment's silence, he added and sighed, "You know very well that there are no fairies now."

"But suppose there were," said the general.

"Ah! if indeed there were?" — and Marcel's fine eyes sparkled.

"Young man," observed the general, "if a fairy were here, I am sure you would have some highly cherished favor to beg of her."

"It is very true, my lord," said Marcel, and blushed.

"Yes I am sure of that," rejoined his mother, the thinks of nothing but a sweet heart of his that once was."

"A sweet-heart, mother, say rather a passion that can only cease with my life. But why speak of it now?"

"Saying, my lord, I made a movement as if to leave the table."

"Don't give way to despair my fine fellow," observed the stranger, preventing him from rising. "You perceive that although my breakfast was lost, I have succeeded in obtaining one. Where is your lady-love at present?"

"At Brussels," said the mother, peevishly.

"At Brussels!" exclaimed the general; and he drank a glass of the glorious liquid of the country. "At Brussels!" repeated he. "Now suppose I were a fairy—"

"And that I were to set off to Brussels immediately?"

The mother, her sister, and daughter, began to laugh, and even the servant was obliged to bite her lips to restrain her merriment. The young man alone preserved his gravity. He sat with open mouth and staring eyes—and his breast heaved with violent agitation.

"Are you going to Brussels, my lord?"

"I am," replied the stranger; "and I think I could assist you in your wishes, if you would make me your confidant; unless, you are in love with another man's wife, or that your beloved is a king's daughter."

"Oh!" cried the youth, "she is better than any princess."

"The deuce!" said the stranger, starting up, "you will put my power to a hard test. I beg your pardon for indulging in such ill-timed raptures. My adored is only a merchant's daughter, who lives on the grand square. But she is so beautiful, so ravishing, so exquisite, so divine, that my heart runs riot when I think of her."

"Why is she not as poor as I am? I then might have some hopes of her hand."

"Does she love you?"

"She does, my lord. But her father intends to give her sixty thousand francs for her portion. I was his book keeper; but, when he perceived my feelings toward his daughter, he dismissed me, for I have nothing of my own. I fell sick, and was taken to St. John's hospital; and it is now two months since my mother took me from hence, and brought me home, much against my will."

"And have you heard nothing of your mistress?"

"There is the misery of my fate. Her father compels her to marry another."

"Then her feelings towards you are changed?"

"Can she disobey her father? Poor Louise! She is to marry a wealthy banker."

"Very well," said the stranger—"I was not joking. Pack up your trunk; I will take you with me to Brussels."

The young man bounded up in an ecstasy of delight. There appeared to him to be something superhuman in the tone and manner of their guest, who, all the while, emptied his glass in the quietest manner in the world. The good woman, who knew not what to make of the affair, thought it best to let things take their course, and in

two hours Marcel and his patron were on the high road to Brussels.

The foreign general alighted at the Hotel de la Paix, in the street La Violette. Marcel instantly hurried to the church of St. Nicholas, on the door of which he saw the beams of his adored Louise published.

"The marriage was to be solemnized in eight days," she must have forgotten me, then! sighed he; for while he persuaded himself that she dare not oppose her father's will, he could not resist the impulse of jealousy and distrust.

He returned to the hotel. The stranger had already engaged for him, in the street La Violette, a handsomely furnished apartment, into which he inducted him, saying, "This is the first stroke of my fairy wand."

"Now, my young friend," resumed the good general with a sigh, "be of good courage; I have ascertained that your mistress is ill. For the last month, she has been confined to her bed. It is perfectly true that she is tenderly attached to you, and that she is about to be sacrificed by her family. I am going to see her, for I am a bit of a physician; and I fancy I know to cure her."

Marcel was so surprised that he had only strength to utter—"Oh! do cure her my good lord!"

He gave himself up to a thousand incoherent reveries, to the wildest apprehensions and to the most delicious anticipations while the stranger, guided by the hotel-keeper, was introduced to Louise's father—a celebrated German physician. The merchant, who thought that his daughter's case was not properly treated by the city medical men, welcomed the strange doctor with eagerness, and instantly conducted him to his daughter's bed-side. There was such a smile of good-humor on his features, that the young girl, as if she had been affected by some inward sympathy, held out her hand to him involuntarily. Before he had even requested to feel her pulse he leaned toward her, and spoke a few words to her in a low tone, which had the effect of suffusing her face with the deepest blushes. He soon withdrew, enjoining certain prescriptions to be observed until his next visit.

After his departure Louise got better and better. She took the simple and harmless lemonade which the doctor had recommended; rose from her bed, for the first time for some weeks, and her father was transported with joy.

The pretended physician paid another visit. He took her father aside. "Your child," said he, "is seriously ill—what I have given her is nothing but a soothing draught.—If her wishes are thwarted, and you persist in these intended nuptials, it will be her death."

"But the connexion is a most advantageous one," urged the merchant.

"Very likely but has she not another suitor?"

"Yes; but he is a poor youth, without fortune or interest."

"What sum do you look for with your son in law?"

"Sixty thousand francs at least, as I give my daughter that sum."

"All's right then; your acquaintance Marcel has just received that amount."

"Is he worth that sum? Are you sure that he has got sixty thousand francs? In that event, the case is materially altered; he is a worthy and excellent young man, inspired by feelings of probity, and possessed of useful business talent; but you are sure he has got that sum?"

"Here it is, and it is his property," said the stranger, handing the merchant a pocket-book containing bank bills to that amount.—Marcel was sent for; then a notary; and Louise was all at once restored to health, although she looked interestingly pale and languid for some time.

The wedding was celebrated with joy, with magnificence, and with the truest and most expansive feelings of love and gratitude. Marcel flung himself at his patron's feet—his speechless emotion prevented the utterance of his thanks. He requested to know the name of his generous friend. The noble stranger answered, "It is quite sufficient for you to recognize in me a fairy as I told you I was. You owe me nothing; for I have enjoyed the inappreciable satisfaction of making two hearts happy. Always remember that great events spring from very trifling causes; and that, most assuredly, you never would have wedded the wife that is now so dear to you, if your mother had known how to make tea."

So saying, he tore himself away from his friend Marcel's outpouring of gratitude and enthusiastic assurance of respectful attachment. The young man could not for a long time learn his name. He engaged in commerce, and some years after, he encountered his benefactor at Gotha, and discovered that he was the duke of Saxo Coburg, the father of the present king of the Belgians.

MODESTY.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear,
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

It is so in nature. In my boyhood, I observed in a remote and obscure part of my father's farm, a flower which I called a lily; it was not the common meadow lily, usually cultivated in gardens; it was not as tall as that; but in my estimation it was much more beautiful. When I read in the scriptures of the roses of Sharon, and the lily of the valley, it reminded me of my favorite flower and I was disposed to denominate it the lily of the valley. Since that time I have seen many flowers in botanic gardens and in the houses of rich and splendid cities, which were cultivated with great care, and were much extolled on account of their beauty and fragrance, but among all the number, I have never seen my unpretending lily of the valley. There, I suppose, if it live at all, where my eye was first delighted with its beauty, and where the foot of the botanist had never trodden, there it

makes its annual appearance and wastes its sweetness on the desert air.

It is so in society. The bold, the officious and pretentious, and even the vain, are put forward, and their fame is proclaimed abroad while the humble and the truly deserving are overlooked by the rich, and left with all their excellencies to spend their days in obscurity, and to occupy the more lowly condition of society. Not unfrequently is the female who possesses the most amiable qualities of the mind and heart neglected, while she of mere beauty in face and form is chosen. Zantippe is united in bands of wedlock to one of the greatest philosophers and best of men; but Hannah Moore spends a long and useful life in single blessedness.

It is so in religion. A noisy, clamorous, bigoted, persecuting professor of religion, is often more applauded among men, than he who far better imitates in temper and conduct, the meek and lowly Jesus; the public preacher who is frivolous, foppish, pedantic and conceited, frequently obtains more publicity and celebrity in the world, than the really learned, devout, ostentatious and humble preachers of the gospel of peace and holiness.

DEISM.

The following reasons were assigned by a reclaimed infidel, for renouncing Deism and embracing Christianity.

1. That I never saw, heard or read of any man, woman or child, that was reformed either in whole or in part, by embracing the principles of Deism.

2. That I have known hundreds, heard of thousands, that have been reformed by embracing Christianity.

3. That I have known industrious and sober men who by imbibing the principles of Deism, almost instantly become desperately wicked, and in many instances dangerous members of civil society.

4. That I have known many deists and many scoffers at religion speedily and most effectually turned from the most abandoned practices, by the preaching of the gospel, to a life of righteousness which showed itself by sobriety, industry, charity, brotherly kindness and universal philanthropy.

5. That I do not recollect hearing but one deist profess really to believe in a future state of rewards and punishments.

6. That I cannot, in all deistical writings, find any law to prevent wickedness and encourage virtue, with rewards and punishments annexed thereto.

7. That in scripture all the crimes that man can possibly commit, are, under the severest penalties, forbid, and every possible virtue inculcated and encouraged, by promises of eternal and exceeding great rewards.

8. I have seen deists and read of many, who at the apparent point of death, were seized with the most horrible despair, uttering the most bitter reflections against themselves for their total neglect of those duties commanded in the gospel. But who ever heard or read of a Christian, at the hour of death, despairing of the mercy of God, because he had all his lifetime, rejected deism and shunned the company of its professors? Or even when long, fierce diseases had shaken the nervous system, and raging fevers inflamed the blood, have they ever been so far deranged as to wish they had never been born, for not rejecting the Bible as a wicked and mischievous imposition on the human race?

PRESERVING BUTTER.

Believing that butter may be kept sweet and good, in our climate, almost any length of time, if properly manufactured, and well taken care of, in order to test the validity of this opinion, we had two pots put down, one in June, and the other in August, 1834, more than twenty months ago; and on probing them with a tryer, when penning this article, the butter is found perfectly sweet, and seems to retain most of its original flavor and freshness. We design to send both pots to Boston next fall, with a view of having its mode of manufacture, and method of preservation, judged of by the butter tasters of that notable city.

In the manufacturing process, no water is permitted to come in contact with the cream or butter—because it is believed that water, and particularly soft water, dissipates much of the fine flavor that gives to butter its high value. The Orange County Dairy Women say, "give us good hard water, and we will make good butter," for the reason, probably, that it abstracts less of the aroma from the butter than soft water. The temperature of the cream may be regulated by cold or hot water put into a tub, in which the churn may be plunged. If the cream is clean, it needs no washing; and if the butter is dirty, water will never clean it.

Nothing but good, well pulverized salt, is used in preserving the butter; this is all mixed, and all dissolved, in the mass, before the butter has its second, thorough, and final working with the butter ladle, and which is not finished till all the buttermilk is expelled.

To avoid all taint from the butter vessels, and the better to exclude it from the air, which soon injures it, the butter is packed close in clean stone jars, and when nearly filled, is covered with a strong brine, rendered pure by previous boiling, skimming, and settling. In twenty months the brine has been twice renewed, on the appearance of a film upon the surface of the old pickle. To preserve butter, air and water, and heat above 65 or 70 degrees, are to be guarded against as much as possible. The brine upon the surface does not penetrate the mass, nor while sweet taint it; but it thoroughly excludes the air.—Cultivator.

THE FARMS OF ENGLAND.—The farms are regularly laid out in squares and parallelograms of from two to forty acres; and in general they are laid down as smooth and level as the roller can make them.—Here is a luxuriant wheatfield, and there a fine meadow, and next a rich pasture, and there busy preparations for putting in po-

tatoes or turnips; and there barley or oats just shooting up from the dark and rich soil. But scarcely a rod of fence such as we met with every where in the United States of America do you see in your two hundred miles ride from Liverpool to the Metropolis. All is hawthorn, and these hedges which are, for the most part kept neatly trimmed, about the gardens and farm houses, and by the road side, add more to the beauty of the country, than any description had pictured upon my mind. The common method of making the hedges is this: first a ridge is thrown up, perhaps a foot from the level of the fields which are to be fenced off, then the young thorn is planted in two parallel rows about a foot or eighteen inches apart. The growth is not very rapid but when it has attained the height of four or five feet, in about as many years, it becomes so dense that no domestic animals would think of breaking through it. The leaf is small, deeply verdant and beautifully serrated. In the month of May, these hedges are clothed with a white fragrant blossom, very much resembling that of the thorn of our own country; and it is then that the honeysuckle and other wild flowers unfold their bright hues and mingle their sweetness with the hawthorn. In the hedges, trees, such as the oak, the elm, and the horse chestnut, are planted in rows, near together, but often far apart, so that each one rises and waves by itself over the humble, but not less charming growth below. Single trees of a great age, and very large, are sprinkled here and there in every direction, and every now and then, you catch a glimpse in the distance, of a grove or circular clump which adds not a little to the beauty of the landscape. Humphrey's Tour.

Cultivation of Silk in the West.—The culture of silk is about to be introduced in the West. A number of gentlemen in Kentucky are making preparations to enter largely into the business; Judge Chambers a member of Congress from that State has determined to engage in the enterprise on a very extensive scale.

Hon. Daniel Webster is about to engage in the business of cultivating the White Mulberry. Fifteen thousand trees went from this town yesterday east, 5000 for Mr. Webster's farm in Marshfield, and the remainder to be sent to Nantucket, the place for whale oil and fishermen. We are glad to see our eminent men exhibiting their confidence in such pursuits, even if they pursue it only as amateurs. Northampton Cour.

Retirement of Henry Clay. The citizens of Bolivar, Indiana, understanding that Mr. Clay is about to retire from public life, recently addressed him a letter, in which, after many complimentary remarks, they expressed their hope that he may find it compatible with his private inclination to continue in the service of the country. The following extract from his reply discloses his designs, and will be read with interest.

"This is the thirtieth year since I first entered the service of the Federal Government. My labors for the public have been various and often arduous. I think they give me some title to repose, which I feel to be necessary on many accounts. I believe with you that the present period in the affairs of our country is eminently critical. It requires all the wisdom, the virtue and the energy among us to avert impending danger. If I were persuaded that, by remaining longer in the public service, I could materially aid in arresting our downward progress, and in communicating additional security to civil liberty and our free institutions, I should feel it my duty not to quit it. But I am not sure that my warning voice has not been already too often raised. Perhaps that of my successor may be listened to with more effect; I sincerely hope it may be.

"These, gentlemen, are briefly my motives for retirement. It is my purpose, if my health will allow me, to remain in Congress during the present session. I reserve for future consideration whether I shall serve out the term which the Legislature of my state did me the honor last to elect me; and your wishes will have due weight in any decision I may form. Beyond that term, I can conceive of no probable contingency which would reconcile me to further continuance in the Senate.

I request you, gentlemen, to communicate my grateful acknowledgments to the citizens of Bolivar, and to accept for yourselves assurance of the esteem and regard of your friend and obedient servant.

HENRY CLAY.

In the presentment of the Grand Jury of Philadelphia, for the March session, we find the practice of stock jobbing animadverted upon as follows:—

Another fruitful ground of evil is the system of gambling, which we have reason to believe is carried on at this day to a most alarming extent, not only in the secret parlors of the common speculators in the funds of our public institutions, who, we are informed, are in the practice of purchasing and selling stock to a large amount deliverable at a remote period of time and at a fixed price, when in fact the value of a dollar is neither received nor transferred by them, the whole transaction being in the nature of a game of hazard.

The progress of civilization in the far West is almost incredible—a few years ago a vast solitary prairie—now covered with population and abounding in all the comforts and luxuries of life. The St. Louis Bulletin says,

"It is not unusual to see as many as thirty steamboats at one time, laden and unloading their cargoes at our wharf and at the present time there is not less than

twenty-five steamboats lining the shore before our city."

Ship Building.—There are building at present, in this City, two ships—one of them of 550 tons, for New York, three Brigs, one large Steamboat to run on the North River, a Steam Towboat of 275 tons and a Steam Packet of 365 tons, to ply between Charleston and this city. The keel of a ship of 500 tons burthen will be laid in a few weeks.—Philadelphia Gazette.

Public House in the Moon.—A rustic having gone to the Calton hill Observatory to get a sight of the moon, and after having got a glance of it, he drew away his head to wipe his eyes, and in the interval the end of the telescope noiselessly fell down, so as, instead of pointing to the heavens, to point down upon the earth. The rustic's surprise was unutterable when he again looked through, and beheld the sign of a public house at a short distance, with the customary declaration "Edinburgh Ale!" &c.—With a look more easily conceived than described, he started back and exclaimed, "Edinburgh Ale in the moon! Gude preserve us, that beats a!"—Edinburgh Evening Post.

A mighty smart Cat. A correspondent says that, "a few weeks ago, a cat, owned by Mr. L. Griggs, of Fayston, in one night, caught thirty four mice! By some mean poor puss was fastened out of doors on a cold night, and was obliged to work or freeze; so she fell foul of the little victims, piled thirty four in a heap on the door step, and at dawn was found lying among her dead "spoils." "composed and calm as a summer's morning." Nothing equals this but Davy Crockett's story of climbing a hundred foot smooth tree and sliding down to keep himself warm.

A fair banter. A certain quizzical fellow, pretty well known about town, issues the following challenge, which we hope to see entered into the Sporting Calendar.

He says he can stand longer at the corners of the business streets—spend more time in ogling the ladies—squirt more tobacco juice—assume more attitudes—make more witty observations—roar out the loudest—and give himself more airs than any six gentlemen in the "City of Monuments." Baltimore Transcript.

De Soto, the mate of the Panda, who was convicted of piracy and pardoned, was at Havana, last date, about to sail in command of a Spanish vessel. A Boston gentleman at Havana writes, that he had frequently conversed with De Soto—that he expresses the deepest gratitude for his pardon, and towards those who aided him to obtain it—that he hopes to have opportunity to repay the kindness bestowed on him, and that he shall always be forward to render service to any American citizens in distress.

Desperate expedients to excite the public curiosity and obtain money.—In order to get up an exhibition which might astound and extort at the same time, the little daughter of Mr. Seinarra, the equilibrist, aged 9, was induced to walk upon a tight-rope stretched across the street in Chambersburg, Penn. at the height of the garret windows of the hotel; fastened to the top of a popular. When the child reached after a distance of 160 feet, the garret window, the joy with which she was caught in the arms of a gentleman, evinced the anxiety of the multitude collected beneath, who, to their credit raised a fund of from ninety to one hundred dollars.—N. Y. Star.

A City without a Government.—Not exactly so either; for we have a good Mayor, who means to do his duty on all subjects. But at present he is the sum and substance of the city government. We have indeed elected 16 Aldermen, and 16 Assistants; but in both Boards the parties are equally divided, which thus far, has prevented the election. N. Y. paper.

Cheap Enough.—The canal packet boats plying between Rochester and Buffalo, are running opposition lines, in consequence of which, the price of fare on that route has been reduced to fifty cents. The Buffalo and Detroit steam boats have also caught the fever, and have put down the cabin passage to three dollars, and steerage to one dollar. Thus a man can travel in the best style from Rochester to Detroit, a distance of nearly 500 miles, for \$3.50. Who would miss seeing the one thousand and one cities of the west for \$3.50.—Dunkirk Beacon.

A Church burnt in Schenar Co.—The Presbyterian Church in the town of Jefferson, Schenar County, was destroyed by fire on the night of 11th inst. A correspondent of the Schenar Republican states that it was undoubtedly the work of an incendiary. It occurred on the last evening of the semi-annual examination of the pupils of Jefferson Academy, which was held in the church. A few minutes before the house was ascertained to be on fire, a report like that of a gun, was heard under the church, where was deposited a large quantity of shavings, perfectly dry, which communicated the flames with great rapidity to every part of the house. There were at least 700 persons in the house when the cry of fire was heard. The shrieks of frightened females, and the long and loud cries of parents for children and children for parents, who were supposed to be perishing in the flames, is said to have rendered the spectacle truly horrible.

Considerable property was destroyed, consisting of books, hats, shawls, chairs, &c. No lives were lost, though some persons were badly injured.—N. Y. American.

Mr. Godwin, the English novelist, died recently in the 81st year of his age. He was a writer of the revolutionary school of some power, and also wrote the novel of "Caleb Williams."